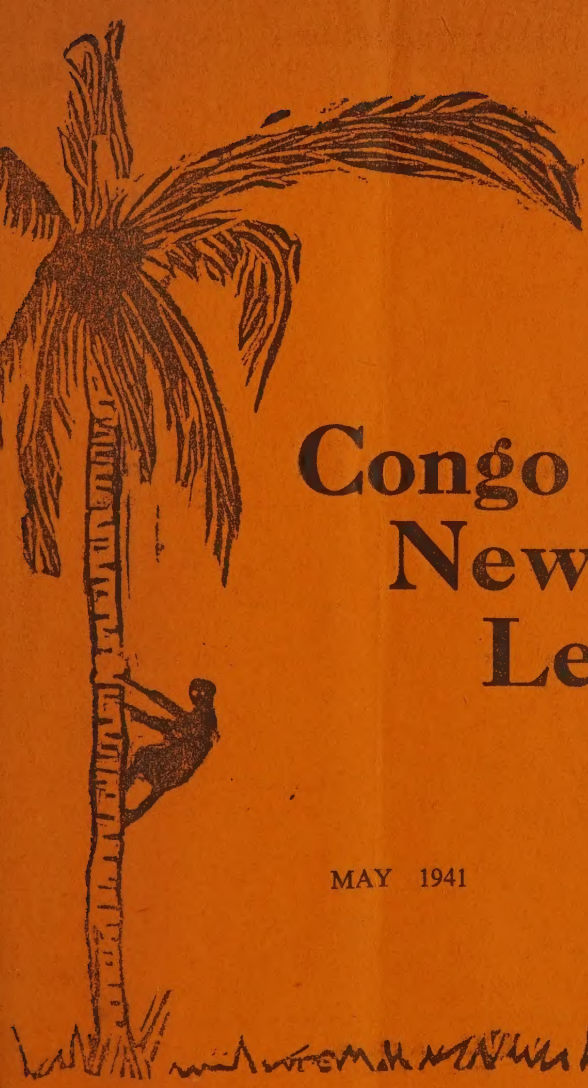
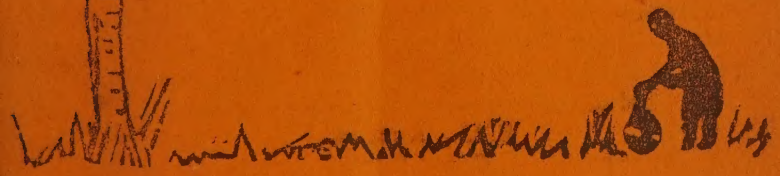


Congo News Letter

MAY 1941



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THE "OLD MAN" OF THE VILLAGE

One day an old man came into my office and started talking excitedly. He talked so rapidly that I could not understand much of what he was saying. After a bit he "ran down" and thus gave me a chance to ask him some questions. It seems that he had been told by a priest that "old folks" were not worth saving. This old man had walked two days to ask if there was any hope for an old man.

Of course you all know what the answer is to his question. But I have been thinking about this matter ever since the above-mentioned incident, which took place some months ago. The man may have misunderstood what the priest had said, but be that as it may... it ill behooves us to cast stones. We might better examine our own program and conduct and see whether or not we have done all that we might for the older folk of the region for which we are responsible.

We have schools for the children; we have baby clinics; we have mothercraft classes; we have classes for catechumens in which one seldom sees any of the older men. They are products of the old regime and long before the Christian teachers came to teach monogamy they had acquired plural wives. And, so they reason, of what use to them is the catechumens classes?

We pay little attention to the old man of the village until one day word comes to the station that he has a "man" for his daughter who is in Boarding School at the Mission Station. The chances are that the "man" whom he has found already has one wife. It is then that we realize that this old man of the village regards us with

suspicion. For we interfere with what he regards as his personal affair. It is useless to tell him that he has no right to force his Christian daughter into a polygamous marriage with a man who is not a Christian. He is merely performing his duty as he sees it and has no desire for advice from us.

The question is, just what have we done to win the confidence of these old men? Yes, we have preached the "Good News" to them but in our actual contacts with them the conflict of our Christian ideals with the old customs which hold them in a firm grip often serves to alienate them and make them feel that our gospel is directed at destroying their prestige and power.

Is there any place where we can meet them on common ground—perhaps do them a kindly service in Christ's name and win their confidence?

I have been making a special effort to be of service to the old men of the village. We have discussed together such problems as the care and feeding and improvement of the domestic animals of the village, soil fertility, fruit and vegetables, prevention of soil erosion, etc.

I shall not soon forget the first meeting with these older men in a neighboring village. As we sat down, forming a circle under a tree, I could see them reeking with suspicion. They probably were thinking "what is he up to now?" I did most of the talking at that first meeting, and then distributed some millet seeds and some young palm trees of an improved variety.

Viola and I have made a trip every two weeks into this area; Viola to hold baby clinics and I to talk agriculture to the men. These men now do most of the talking and asking of questions. They tell me about the manioc gardens that have been destroyed by wild pigs; the chickens that have been killed by hawks and jackals, etc. Then we try to work out plans for meeting each situation. It has done my heart good to watch suspicion disappear and confidence become established. Here is something that is for them, something that they can under-

stand. When the "young bucks" come home from school "full of knowledge" and talk about some improved methods of agriculture, the old men will be able to answer "yes, yes, we know all about that." And who can tell what the outcome will be? Perhaps the rest of the white man's teaching is as practicable as his agriculture! Who knows?

C.E. SMITH

WHERE IS OUR SENSE OF SIN?

One of the most woeful deficiencies of our generation is the want of moral discernment. We are still able to distinguish between black and white; but we show an appalling inability to distinguish between *gray* and white. In recent tests students showed fair discernment as to things which were grossly evil, but the majority could not be trusted to distinguish between that which was morally right and that which was a few shades removed. "I can't see anything wrong with that!" What a pity we can't!

Sadder than our want of moral discernment is the attendant attitude, "What difference does it make anyway!" So indifferent has our generation become to the holiness and sovereignty of God! Here is reflected a serious deficiency in modern preaching. When the emphasis was shifted from the holiness of God, the sinfulness of man, and the need of redemption, the consciousness of sin went with it. And when the church lost its consciousness of sin, the world also lost it. The world is not much concerned about salvation, it is not crying out to the church "what must we do to be saved?"

Let the people of God restore the lost emphasis! Let saints and sinners be instructed anew in the sovereignty and holiness of God! Let it be the concern of the church to reveal the gravity of sin. In the sight of God there are no mild sinners, and sin does not come in pastel shades. Holiness is not relative, but absolute. The slightest taint of impurity is incompatible with it. Without cleansing there can be no fellowship with God, either here or in the world to come.

Life begins when the sinner sees himself in the holy light of God's word. Revival fires will burn again when in that light we recover our moral discernment and keep that light faithfully upon those to whom we minister.

Condensed from President Koller

THE GUEST

I made of my heart a temple,
But the Saviour came not in,
For its aisles were cloyed with malice,
And its bells were choked with sin,
And its air was heavy with incense
And its priests were sandal-shod.
I made of my heart a temple,
But its light revealed no God.

I made of my heart a stable,
And the Saviour came and smiled,
Where the cattle of human kindness
Browsed in the evening mild,
And its air was pure and pungent,
With grass of the rain-swept sod.
I made of my heart a stable,
And sheltered the living God.

REBUILDING THE CHURCH

I have just returned from the Luhemba section of our field. Although I should spend more time here at the Vanga school, conditions out there were so bad that I could not wait until vacation time to go to them. As it was, my visit was timely. There were many cases of immorality and sin of all kinds. There was dancing, adultery, thieving, drinking and fighting. It seemed as if it were an impossible situation. I sent one of my pastors ahead of me to prepare the ground. For a whole month he and the pastor of the district worked together leading the people back to the Lord. They did a fine piece of work and when I arrived the Luhemba church was in better shape than it had been for some time.

The trail here in Africa may be a pleasure or a burden, depending on the place in which one must stay. In every case it is a mud building or hut, but there can be a great difference in mud huts. In the Luhemba section the work had so lost its spiritual power that even the building used for church services was falling to pieces. This shameful neglect applied also to the hut used by the missionary. Rain leaked on his bed and the walls were full of holes that harbored hundreds of despised Congo cockroaches. I have heard people in America say jokingly that certain restaurants raised cockroaches large enough to carry off a loaf of bread. I will not vouch for the veracity of this story, but I do bear testimony that the Congo roaches are far larger that any I have seen in America. During the day these giant pests stay in hiding, but when night comes, out they come, too, They get into one's clothes and into one's food. It is quite a sensation to put on one's sun helmet and feel them run down one's neck and face! Well, these things plus the hot sultry days in the blazing heat of Congo and the breathless nights take some of the "joy out of life". Fortunately all nights on this trip were not warm; in fact most of them were cool. At about five o'clock a breeze swept around the high hills making the evening a delightful time in which to examine candidates. I worked several evenings until eleven and later. Some of the mornings, too, were deliciously cool and the sunrise over the rolling hills was an inspiration. As I enjoyed these pleasures I thought of Mrs. Robbins and the others at the Vanga station. Sometimes I feel as if Vanga were the hottest place on earth, for one gets practically no respite from the heat during the months of February, March and April. Nights are hot and sultry and one feels almost as though he were living continually in an atmosphere that has similarities to a steam bath.

Satur day evening before the baptism I still had a great number of people to examine. During the previous week many problems of church discipline had arisen and the time taken for settling them had cut short my time for

examining. However, I believe that through it all the people got a real spiritual grip of themselves.

During the week many dance drums had been brought in. Saturday night there was a great heap of thirty-one large drums near the pastor's house. At eight o'clock in the evening the pastor called the people together for prayer around an outdoor fire just beyond the great heap of drums. There they were piled, each one of them a symbol of sin and separation from God in some village. The pastor talked quietly to the people about lack of prayer and the sins which these drums represented. As he spoke his voice was full of pathos. He pleaded with them never to return to those things which kill the spiritual life of man and of the church. He pointed them to the Saviour and followed with a season of prayer. Many, many people participated. In prayer after prayer they pleaded with the Lord to help them not to return to their former sins, but to help them beat back the evil that tried continually to force itself into their lives. As I looked across that great multitude standing in prayer, I was convinced that the Lord was there in their minds, healing them and fitting them for greater service. Even though many who prayed had been disciplined for misdeeds, one could not help but feel that they were receiving the Saviour's blessing, as they asked His forgiveness and promised that they would follow Him.

When the prayers were finished, the pastor announced a hymn. Two men brought the drums to the fire. One drum after another was broken across its mate and thrown into the flames. I shall never, never forget those moments. As the flames leaped higher and higher toward the skies, the heart song of that great multitude was raised on the waves of the night air, higher and higher, until one felt certain that the Great, Loving God heard and blessed. As those eight or nine hundred people sang the great song. "God be with US till we meet again" one felt that the Hosts of Heaven were there joining in the hymn until it could be likened to the "voice of many waters". What light there was on those dusky faces! How that great pyramid of flames glori-

fied the surrounding hillside with shadows and light! How beautiful were the giant mango trees! Yes, God was there!

And then the next day! It was a glorious Sunday. In the early morning sixty-three were baptized. At ten o'clock I preached on "Rebuilding the Walls of Jerusalem" and applied it to the Luhemba parish. At three o'clock that afternoon I left after a very earnest consecration service at which the leaders of the church re-dedicated themselves to renewed effort in the Lord's work. The last ringing words that I heard as we departed down the narrow winding trail were, "We are going back to our villages to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem."

W.F. ROBBINS

A JOURNEY TO "REGIONS BEYOND"

When Christian Missions first entered Congo, the grand strategy of the movement was dominated by the aim of establishing a chain of mission stations across Africa, to stem the southward advance of Islam. Stanley had shown the way by his amazing journey down the Congo. The Church Missionary Society was pushing from the East Coast as far inland as Uganda and Lake Victoria. The British Baptists and the Livingstone Inland Mission, entering via the Congo valley, sought to open a way as rapidly as possible across the hills of the Bas Congo to Stanley Pool whence a thousand miles of navigable river lay before them. As soon as steam-boats could be built—their parts carried overland by thousands of porters — they pushed onward, locating mission stations farther and farther up-stream.

The Livingstone Inland Mission, however, soon found the cost of maintaining communications and carrying on the work already begun in the Lower Congo so heavy a burden that it had neither men nor means to advance farther. Hence it welcomed an opportunity to place its established work in the hands of the American Baptists, while a new work, in "regions beyond" still further up-river, was begun under the name of the Congo Balolo Mission, "C.B.M."

As the stations developed from mere "halts along the

way" into active centers of many-sided ministry, it became evident that the line from Mukimvika, at the mouth of the river, to Bolenge on the Equator, seven hundred miles inland, was still too long for one mission to hold effectively. So the coming of other Missions was welcomed; Bolenge became the base of operation of the Disciples of Christ, Tshumbiri was ceded to the B.M.S., and to-day only Tondo remains directly linked with the A.B.F.M.S., while the Bas-Congo work has pushed eastward to the Kwango and Kwilu.

Because of these historic changes few of us today ever get to visit those up-river "regions beyond" at which our earliest pioneers were aiming. Hence there was an extra touch of keenness in the eagerness with which Isabel and I set out to visit Bolenge and the C.B.M. field.

Instead of the tiny "Peace" or "Henry Reed" of pioneer days we travelled on the comfortable "Reine Astrid," a fast and comfortable boat that easily accommodates a hundred passengers or more. Most of our fellow passengers were military men on their way to North-east Africa. One young Englishman told us he had asked to come by boat instead of by plane because he needed the rest. "A plane gets you there too quickly. You just have to go right to work again. On the boat you don' t have to take orders for twelve days, all the way from Léo to Stan."

The big boat, like its small precursors, is dependent on the forests along the river for its fuel, and ties up nightly to take on wood. The swarm of hurried dark forms, shoulders burdened with great bundles of firewood, wet skins glistening in the firelight, make an eerie sight; and their chantey, accented with pattering feet and the thud of falling wood on the iron deck, is not easily forgotten.

The second night we tied up at Bolobo, and spent the evening very happily with our B. M. S. friends there. There was just enough twilight for us to take a hurried walk about the station, where a comprehensive rebuilding will soon obliterate the last traces of the original buildings,

brought from England close to sixty years ago.

On the fourth morning we passed Bolenge about six o'clock, and soon afterwards Wangata, the first site occupied by the mission, supposed at that time to lie exactly on the equator. (More exact surveys have moved "the line" about a mile farther north.) We soon tied up at Coquilhatville, an attractive city, well-built, with a very busy water-front. As Capital of the Province, Coquilhatville has many government residences, a large military establishment, hospitals for whites and blacks, a radio station, and an imposing cathedral. The D.C.C.M. have their business office here and an interesting church and school work. A feature of the church life is a daily prayer meeting at 4:30 a.m., attended by men and women on their way to work or to market.

We spent eight days at Bolenge, of which one was taken up with a flying visit to Tondo. From Coq to Tondo is about eighty miles by road, and the road now goes to just across a small bay of Lac Tumba from Tondo station. A new rubber plantation is planting many square miles of land, cleared from virgin forest, at the Tondo end of the road. Although we were not expected, our welcome was royal; and both school and hospital seemed to be running most effectively. The school boys put on an impromptu concert, under Mr. Brown's leading, that we should have liked to hear broadcasted to the homelands. A concert of a different kind was the paddlers' chant as about sixteen boys took us flying across the bay at sunset in their biggest new canoe.

Bolenge is really two stations, for the I.C.C. (Institut Chrétien Congolais) has its own campus, staff, and budget, although it is contiguous to the station proper. The two sections together stretch along a whole kilometre of water front and a considerable distance inland. The Institut and the station schools were all running vigorously, although furloughs and retirements have cut the station staff (Institut apart) from twelve or more down to three single women. The "Oregon" just back from a five-weeks' tour of the interior

stations, was tied up at the beach. We were sorry we could not visit any of the D.C.C.M. stations except Bolenge and Coq, because of lack of time and of conveyance.

The I.C.C. is very similar to Kimpese in most respects. The students seemed exceptionally keen and capable, and the courses well planned and comprehensive. Particularly interesting were the course in "customs and cultures" in which the tribal customs of the region are examined in the light of Christian conceptions, and the art courses taught by Miss Wells in which the students develop native motifs such as tribal marks into designs suitable for embroidery, wall decoration, weaving, or wood carving. One effect of this course has been to stimulate the interest of the women in the decoration of dresses by embroidery rather than their own skins by the all-over tattooing which was customary.

From Coquilhatville we travelled three days, on a very small steamer, to Basankusu, an important government and commercial center adjacent to the central C.B.M. station of Ikau. Basankusu is at the point where the Maringa and Lopori rivers unite to form the Lulonga, which empties into the Congo a day's journey north of Coq. From Ikau Mr. Anstice took us a hundred miles overland to Baringa, where we embarked the next day on the C.B.M. boat, the "Livingstone." At Baringa we saw the most immaculate hospital for Natives we have yet seen in Congo. It was in striking contrast to the exceptionally untidy and ill-kept villages, in which the people were less clothed and more often sickly and ulcerous than in any other regions we have seen. Leprosy is said to be particularly rampant around Baringa.

The "Livingstone" was a delight. It is quite small, but the upper deck, except for one cabin forward of the funnel, is entirely open, so there is generally a breeze. The other passenger cabins are on the lower deck, and a house boat is towed along-side to provide accommodations for the crew. The Maringa and Lopori river are crooked, with tricky currents and treacherous sand-banks; but the Native steersmen know them so thoroughly that they seldom have any trouble. Mr. Anstice has made navigation charts of both

rivers, but they are rarely needed. Only once did we have an exciting moment, when a violent storm of rain and wind caught us broadside and threatened to overturn the boat. In trying to meet it the steersman swung us around toward the shelter of the forest, and ran on a sand bank. However the bank kept us right side up, and when the wind went down a few men overboard, to help the engines push, soon shoved us off into deep water.

Rain was the principal enemy of comfort, for roofs and decks are old and leaky. A series of improvised canvas canopies over beds and dining room table controlled major leaks, however, and we did not mind an occasional small wetting. Materials for new roof and deck were lost at Antwerp.

Three days up river from Baringa brought us to Mompono, where the C.B.M. have their Bible Training School. This is now three years old and has twenty families in residence for a three year course. This school also owes a good deal to Kimpese in its general organization, and we found teachers and students alike very keen to know more about Kimpese and other similar schools. There was, however, a general chorus of amazement and disgust when I remarked that at Kimpese the people hardly ever have meat to eat, for the Bamongo think they are starving if they fail to have meat or fish—or both—every day.

From Mompono we returned to Ikau and then went up the Lopori to Bongandanga. We were fortunate to have the company of Mr. and Mrs. Young of Bongandanga throughout our journey on the "Livingstone" to that point. They were visiting the other stations to conduct language examinations, which are taken very seriously in the C.B.M. Second year examinations occupy three or four days' time, and there is no question that a student who passes knows a good deal of Lomongo!

The Youngs are the senior missionaries of the C.B.M., and he is mission printer, so we had very interesting discussions of many things. We were much impressed with the printing plant at Bongandanga. It includes a large cylinder press, taking a sheet 20x30 inches, which has been in service

since 1903. It must have been a formidable task to get the heavy parts of that machine up the hill and put together. The station is on a plateau, which shelves suddenly and steeply to the river, so that from the houses there is an unbroken vista of forest for nearly thirty miles across to the ridge behind which lies Pimu and the Congo river.

En route to Bongandanga a boiler tube burst, making it necessary to tie up against the forest for twelve hours while repairs were being made. There was not enough steam even to get us to dry land—at that point the water spread deep into the forest. The hours passed slowly for us, but the crew and black passengers had a grand day of it, for they bought two monkeys from hunters in passing canoes, which they first cut up into little pieces and then singed over the fire to burn off the hair. The smoke came our way. No doubt the finished stew was delicious.

We also spent some hours at Munda, a newly opened station among a branch of the Ngombe, who have spread southwest from Upoto to Lulonga. Returning, we had another week-end at Ikau, then back to Coq in the Livingstone, and to Léo on a big fast-freight boat crammed with native soldiers.

We are impressed with changes that are taking place. Of course the frontier of mission activity has long since passed beyond these "regions beyond" that we visited, though the people along the upper reaches of the side rivers, around Mompono particularly, are still but little affected by the vast complex of European civilization that is so profoundly influencing more accessible peoples. But this isolation will soon end, for motor roads are being cut through the area in all directions, and rapid transportation will bring commerce and large-scale agriculture in train. These roads will link the eastern stations of the two missions, and the resulting development will create for them common problems, differing from the problems of the more sophisticated western areas of the missions. Will the missions, whose strategy has been guided by the east-west courses of

the rivers, adjust their viewpoints across organizational lines to fit this new north-south accessibility and development? Here is scope for inter-mission coöperation to a new degree.

GEORGE W. CARPENTER

BASUKU ITINERARY

Three weeks have just been spent visiting the villages in the southern end of our Moanza field. Leaving the three women alone on the Station, leaving certain tasks unfinished to await our return, and seeing a score of other services that could well demand our attention, makes us wish that we had the proverbial nine lives of the cat. For whether one goes or whether one stays, tasks and needs must be neglected, and it is a case of choosing what seems at the moment to be the most urgent.

A list of villages and probable dates of our visits there are left with the good wife in case of emergency calls. A dozen last minute details are dealt with, and we are off. We shall sleep tonight in one of our villages about three hours away. These first hours are always filled with fresh mental activity. There seems to be a stimulus by which one gets a new perspective of the work, its needs and possibilities, and things fall into a new focus. On this particular trip also, amidst the most depressing of spiritual conditions in village and Church, there have been moments of spiritual elation strangely inconsistent with the surrounding circumstances. Surely some one has been holding us up before the Throne of Grace with resultant blessings.

We still experience considerable difficulty with the change of dialect so have based most of our lessons on some Bible story, such as Naaman, The woman of Samaria, Paul and Silas at Philippi, Abraham and Lot, and others. How they love these stories! In one village we were telling the story of Naaman and were stressing his obedience in faith. How he bathed once—nothing. Bathing twice—still no change. Bathing thrice—still no signs of healing. One old man could restrain himself no longer and broke

in with, "But let him keep on. Just let him keep on till the seventh." And when we pictured Gehazi going out a leper white as snow, one woman broke out with, "E, ayi, E, ayi," the typical native mourning.

Kikombo is a lovely village located in the midst of scores of beautiful palms and many large mango trees. When we arrived the women were away at their gardens. While awaiting their return our "boy" prepared dinner for us under one of these mangoes. We found ourselves looking at the side and rear of a little native hut. Five feet wide, maybe seven long, and surely not more than six feet to the roof peak, was our estimate. What must be the outlook upon life of those who inhabit such a dwelling place! All that you can imagine and more of depresssion of spirit, narrowed horizons, ignorance, superstition and lack of aspiration. Do you wonder if the Word will ever penetrate to "good soil" amidst such adverse surroundings? But that is just the glory and power of the Gospel we proclaim. It does pierce thru, and where it does, it brings light and liberty. "The entrance of Thy words giveth light" has become a spiritual motto for us this term. The change will be slow, you will often become impatient and discouraged. But some day that hut will give place to a better one and horizons will be enlarged accordingly. The motivating force will be the Holy Spirit in a redeemed life. For the change in that dwelling is symbolic of the inward change in all its thoughts and aspirations.

Three church gatherings were held on this trip including one at Kingungu on Easter Sunday. Two thirds of the offerings here were given in little cowry shells, two hundred for a franc. It took the native pastor and deacons most of Saturday afternoon and all of Sunday morning to receive and record these gifts. We had served notice that only those "up to date" on gifts would be permitted to partake of Communion. Many who were from four to ten months behind were anxious to put themselves in order. We felt that the Resurrection story was greatly blessed. Surely our own hearts were blessed as we reviewed it,— His Resurrection

as the seal and evidence of God's acceptance of His sacrificial death for our sins. And its purpose — "That like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." I judged from the pastor's reactions that the Resurrection is a keen point of contention between the heathen and the saved in our villages.

In this part of our field the conflict between the old and the new is very bitter. There is a very distinct cleavage between the older people, few of whom have accepted the Gospel message, and the younger Christian generation. In a few villages I felt certain that many of the older women would like to make the break, but are sternly opposed by the older men. These know all too well that it would mean the end of their pernicious reign, for the Gospel spells liberation for Congo womanhood. Scores of instances came to our attention to prove how real is this conflict, and of how much in need of teaching our church members and converts are, if they are to remain true. Again and again we warned them that there could be no compromise, they must either slay these Goliaths or be slain by them.

Lukelu is a lad of perhaps fourteen years. He was baptised four years ago. The teacher brought him to me as we were leaving the village, to show me that the older men of the village had forced him to wear a little cap with fetish significance. We assured him we would destroy it if he would remove it, but he refused saying they would surely make him pay a heavy fine if he did so. Later when he returned to the village he was badly beaten for having told the "white man". The affair was sent to the State official, but we made the mistake of relying upon them to tell the story in place of our writing it. The cap was removed and Lukelu reported to the official that the affair was settled. But he said nothing of his beating and so justice miscarried, since the old men were left untroubled. But poor Lukelu cannot understand why we refuse to reinstate him in good stand-

ing in the Church.

Manenga is a church member about sixteen years of age. Her mother also is a church member. Her father, who still walks in heathen paths, had a debt of some forty francs to a man in a neighboring village. This man has two wives. But when Manenga's father was unable to pay the debt they hit upon the happy (?) arrangement of letting this man have Manenga as a third wife in payment of the debt. Manenga has so far refused. And if she would go to the State Poste (in this instance two long days' journey) her refusal would be upheld. But that would mean trouble for her relatives, a long tiresome journey and wait at the State Poste. And so, the easiest way, perhaps she is tempted to think, is to accept the situation with the best resignation possible. But if she does she will be dropped from membership in the Church. How true the words of Jesus, "For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household." How heavy this cross for our Congo children, and how little as yet they seem to realize that carry it they must if they would save their lives unto Life Eternal. This is one of the gravest problems that face us at this period in the growth of the work.

The native pastor, Andele Moyo, has been with us thruout the trip. He has just "grown up" with the work since its inception in 1915. He is a good man and it is to be regretted that his advanced years prevent his taking the Pastors' course at Kimpese. He is full of questions. We sat one evening in conversation and hardly realized the passing of time until we found it to be eleven o'clock. What caused the war? Who was at fault? What was the real difference between us and some other Missions of which he knew. Why couldn't we have a store and sell them cloth, soap and other articles? But all his questions were interspersed with recitals of some of his own experiences in the work, and the imparting of, to me, much

useful information. Men such as he are indispensable to the work. Thru them we get to know the reactions of the people, what they are thinking. And they on their part interpret us and our message, our purposes and principles, to the people.

One of the amazing things has been to find, amidst a decidedly backslidden Church, a fairly good group of young converts. But their instruction has been all too meagre. Much as we dislike the delay we have had to say to them that we could baptize none until he or she knew how to read. It will be long months for in these sixty-odd villages we failed to find a sufficient number of literate boys to warrant the opening of a Regional school. The crux of many of our difficulties is with the village teacher evangelists. We plan on two Institutes for this summer, of a month each, and hope it will provide a greatly needed stimulus to better service.

The trip has not been without its humorous and relaxing incidents. A sample of Congo giving at Kiwambu a Foreami infirmier came with a gift of a chicken which our boy, Ntumini, received. A bit later he returned to say that my return gift of two spools of thread had been declined, "as not enough" and that he had therefore returned the chicken. I had been conscious that there had been a weakening of the knees from too much up hill and down hill travel. But I did not realize that I had reached the venerable stage until coming into one of our villages I heard a young man call out, "Hey, tell the teacher to beat the drum, Kaka (Grandpa) has come!" I had noticed one day, that here and there along the trail, a leaf had been pinned onto the top of a tall stalk of grass. Finally I asked for an explanation. "Oh, that is where people saw that a heavy shower was getting very close and they put up that leaf to keep the rain from falling upon them before they could reach their village." "But", I persisted, "suppose it rained on them anyway?" "Oh, well. I suppose they would say to themselves that the Bambutu (The elders) had lied to them."

Just slightly under four thousand people attended the sixty-seven services held in sixty three villages visited. In ten villages taken at random we found 298 church members. Of these 103 were given new church cards, the others are either out or suspended. In the sixty odd villages we accepted 264 as converts. There were many others whom we had to reject for lack of giving, non attendance at services, or failure to conduct themselves as believers. The outlook may seem discouraging but we have great confidence that many of these church members are going to be reawakened. When they are, we shall see a great change in the attitude and interest of the unsaved. Do not condemn them but pray for them.

LEWIS A. BROWN

CELEBRATING THIRTY YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE

Seventeen hundred miles over Kwango roads in a camionette might not be considered by most people a real honeymoon trip, nor even a proper celebration of thirty years of smooth travelling in married life but to Ma Mac and me it had the spice of both celebration and adventure.

The purpose of the trip was not that of a celebration for it was undertaken with a view of giving a little help to our Kikongo staff in putting a stop to the rascally acts of a Jesuit priest who was making use of the Prophet Movement amongst the Bayakas to intimidate men, women and children in order that they should leave the Protestant Mission to join the Catholic. But having planned to go as far as the Kikongo field why not also see Moanza and Vanga? It might be our last opportunity to make such a trip. Then too this year marked thirty years of travelling together in Congo, on foot, in hammock, on river steamers, iron boats with paddlers, and in dug-out canoes; why not make the trip on rubber-tired wheels? That may sound pretty smooth but in places the road was so rough that one almost wished a Calvinistic backbone could be replaced by a balloon tire.

Out through the Sona Bata field we went, with its

variegated country—grass land with scrubby tree growth, interspersed with water courses and wooded valleys, to the hilly country around Kimvula where the rocky hill-tops formed roofs for brown castles (by erosion the red clay of the hillsides gave wonderful castellated effects.) On we went to the Kwango River with its forested borders, and after that the long up-grade to the great level plains forming watersheds between the rivers. Here the roads were much better, as they also were in the Vanga area.

When we reached the Bayaka country we found that Mrs. Smith had the priest sewed up in a sack, not literally, but by convincing evidence from the natives, clearly showing that there had been threats, intimidations, and some acts of violence either by himself or his emissaries. We ourselves heard enough of this testimony to be sure that this man of the cloth (plenty of it but soiled) was not really of the Order of Jesus as he claimed to be but was one of those shepherds that Jesus warned the people not to follow.

The first of our stations in the Kwango we visited was Moanza. We expected to reach there Saturday night but a short circuit deprived us of lights so we slept in the roadway and arrived at Moanza early Sunday morning. What a wonderful change in this station in a few years. I was with the group that went over the grassy ridge a few years ago when we were undecided as to whether we should move from the old site on the other side of the hill. Now as we looked down from the higher ground we saw a very pleasant sight indeed, a well-planned station, with church, school, hospital and two residences of stone or brick. As far as physical equipment is concerned Mr. Atkins had put Moanza on the map. And along with him were Mrs. Atkins, Mr. and Mrs. Brown and Miss Dickey building up the life and soul of the station and the whole region. Miss Dickey was rejoicing in the new residence she was to share with Miss Ehnbom. The missionaries now need not worry about fire catching in the grass roofs of their homes, nor about the storms that are liable to blow down temporary

hospitals and schools.

In a few days we were off for Vanga. On the way we met Mr. Robbins taking Miss Ehnbom to Moanza. Mr. Brown and Mr. Robbins exchanged places, thus returning to their respective stations. As Vanga has had its permanent buildings for a good many years now we did not see any great change in the appearance of the station.

One is always impressed with the magnitude of the task in the Vanga field. The big crowd of people that greeted us at one of the district posts on a rainy Sunday, gathered in a huge building they had erected, was an indication of their interest in things of the spirit, and the throngs who come for medical treatment to the station indicate their faith in the help that the doctor and nurses can give to their bodies. Many white patients also look to Vanga as their medical center. On the staff when we visited Vanga were Mr. and Mrs. Robbins, Dr. Witt, Miss Jorgenson and Miss Shepard.

Two more days and we were at Kikongo station which we had not visited on the way out. We had met Mr. and Smith and Miss Anderson up in the Bayaka country, so the only other member of the staff was Miss Cooper, not long back from furlough.

Kikongo is our one station left that needs to have done for it what Mr. Atkins has been able to do for Moanza in his last term on the field. A modest hospital, the Pierce Memorial Hospital, is the only permanent building that is completed. Portions of two houses (the Smiths' and Armstrongs') are built in brick but the major part of each house has yet to be added. Miss Anderson and Miss Cooper need a new residence as theirs is a small permanent or semi-permanent building that could be used as visitors' rooms, or for other purposes. But the Kikongo staff think more of the Lord's work than of personal comfort so that when the question of future buildings come up they always say that what they need first of all are permanent church and school buildings.

One day we had an interesting trip out to two centers where baby clinics and agricultural clinics have been organ-

ized. While the women missionaries are busy weighing the babies and counselling with the mothers about them Mr. Smith, with the help of a Kimpese graduate, David Muntu, gathered the men for a discussion of poultry raising.

On the way home we stopped for a few days at Sona Bata's farthest outpost, where another fly got into the ointment. This time it was a native priest recently ordained who was causing all the trouble. In his zeal for the Church he outdid the priest amongst the Bayakas for he tied a rope around the necks of some parents who had given their children to be written up for our schools.

Apart from these incidents, so unchristian that they move us deeply, our trip was very pleasant Once more we are impressed with our field, with the courage of the depleted staff of missionaries, with the way some of our native brethren are carrying responsibility, and with the large numbers of people who are looking to us to give them the Bread of Life.

P.A. MacDiarmid

A MISSIONARY'S ODYSSEY

Those last days of July 1940 were anxious days. Cases and trunks were packed and ready to ship to Congo. Each time we turned on the radio alarming news came to us. Word came that it would not be possible to get passage across the Atlantic. Finally the postman brought my passport and a letter from headquarters informing me that passage had been booked for a party of missionaries on a Dutch boat going via the Panama Canal and East Indies to Batavia.

The last good-byes had been said and very quietly one afternoon in August we slipped out of New York harbour with only three people to wave good-bye to us. In these days no scheduled hours are given for sailing. Only the captain knows when his ship will set sail. What a delightful surprise to find that 22 of the 23 passengers were missionaries, a fine group for a round-the-world cruise.

It was hard to accustom ourselves to the nightly black-

out but before the seventy-day cruise was over we were glad to be in darkness at night, knowing the dangers that lurked about us.

We went south to Miami sailing into a beautiful sunset as we rounded Key West, Sunday evening. Then into the Gulf of Mexico, up the Mississippi River to New Orleans, an interesting old city. We were there two days taking on cargo. Then down into the Carribean Sea, a dangerous sea at that time. On to Panama Canal which was well guarded with war ships, one of which signalled us to stop. Our captain had been through the canal many times and had never stopped before. A gun was fired and we stopped. Because of the new canal being built mine-proof and some of the old locks being made mine-proof, we were delayed one whole day. To our delight we found that we could go ashore at Cristobal. The following morning a large group of soldiers came on to inspect the ship and they remained on guard through the canal. It took us one entire day to pass through and cost $9,000.00. It was a most interesting day. Toward evening we reached Balboa and took on some Spanish passengers, letting off our guard. On into the Pacific Ocean and a few days later we arrived at Los Angeles where we took on water and oil for our seven-week cruise on the Pacific. Deck games, sewing, reading, Bible study and a French class made the days pass quickly. Our clocks went forward one hour each day and the day we crossed the international date line we lost one whole day. The captain avoided other ships by taking an off course and in all those weeks we saw only one ship, which turned and fled.

The evening of September 19th we saw a light house on Celebes Island. All cameras were taken away from us every time we sighted a port and in all of our long voyage we were unable to take any pictures. The following evening we arrived at Balikpapan, Borneo. We had an interesting evening on that island. There we met Japs, Malayans, Chinese and a mixture of almost every race.

After we left Borneo the captain told us that he had rather an anxious night for the previous week a large number of mines had loosed from their moorings and exploded. Borneo is noted for her ironwood forests.

We were very much behind schedule so it was arranged that we transfer to our other boat in the Straits of Banka instead of going on to Singapore as planned. The transfer was made one dark night in life boats between the islands of Sumatra and Banka. The "Black Dog" to which we were transferred was an uncomfortable old ship. On to Batavia where we spent three most interesting days. There we caught our first glimpse of the Orient. The scenery was picturesque, the rice fields being ploughed by water buffalo and oxen. Palm trees of every description, flowers, ferns, and a deep blue sky making a colorful background for the Javanese people. Our days in Batavia went all too quickly and were full of interest. Again we started out on the "Black Dog" with a heavy cargo of tea, rice, wood and oil. Already we had travelled 14,189 miles on the first ship.

Rumours of an Italian raider in the Indian Ocean and talk of war in the East Indies caused some anxiety. Little did we know of the anxious days that were to follow. We had a cosmopolitan group of 54 passengers. At noon we sighted a submarine and that little submarine guarded us for seven days, and we sailed from the Straits into the Indian Ocean. One cannot write freely of the experience in the days that followed. Those pages had to be torn from my diary to prevent my diary being confiscated, but they are experiences that we shall never forget, and through those days we were very conscious of our Father's watch-care over us. Truly our God is able to make a safe way around a war-torn world. A verse that was ever with me during those days was: "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." We were ever conscious of that peace. One morning a large submarine loomed up on the horizon. Friend or foe we shall never know but it turned and fled while our

smaller submarine quickly placed herself between the other submarine and our ship. The Indian Ocean was rough and the days were cold. How thankful we were to set foot on African soil at Lorenzo Marques, the capital of Mozambique where we left tons of rice and tea. In the few hours we spent there we were able to visit a Swiss Mission, a Mohammedan mosque and a Chinese temple. The last two days on the ocean we were tossed about in a terrific storm and were delayed in arriving at Durban. The evening of the seventieth day we arrived at Durban with hearts full of thanksgiving. Dr. and Mrs. Kellersburger were there to meet us and as we disembarked we all with one accord raised our voices in singing the Doxology.

We enjoyed our short visit in beautiful Durban and the following day we began our nine-day trip to Congo, some 2300 miles. The first part of the journey was interesting, majestic montains and valleys where little African villages nestled with their picturesque thatched roofs, green fields covered with cattle, and here and there a waterfall. We were whisked swiftly on to Johannesburg, the City of Gold. We had hoped to find souvenirs filled with gold but we came away without a nugget. On to Bulawayo where we had an opportunity to visit a few hours. Bulawayo is capital of Matabeleland and there is a tall granite monument to Cecil Rhodes. Lack of time prevented us from seeing the prehistoric ruins at Khama a few miles outside the city.

On we went up through the game reserve but the noise of the train had evidently scared the animals away. The jacaranda trees were in blossom and along the track were fields of wild orchids.

One sparkling morning we arrived at Victoria Falls, one of the greatest natural wonders of Africa. Long before the train stopped we could hear the tumbling waters of the mighty Zambesi river. In 1855 David Livingstone stood on those banks and marvelled at the power of God. The waters plunged over great walls of granite, through the canyon we caught glimpses of the rainbow falls from which arose great clouds of spray rising to mountain-

ous heights. The falls are twice as wide as Niagara.

Rhodesia is very sparsely populated. There are many ancient ruins there and archaeologists wonder if that is not where King Solomon got his quantities of gold to decorate the Temple. On to Ndola and then to Sakania on the border of Congo Belge where we were to go through customs. The following day we reached Elisabethville, capital of the Katanga district, the center of the copper mines. It has a population of 3000 Europeans and is a delightful city in which to spend a vacation. Two more days by train to Luluabourg. Two days' wait for the plane which was to take us to Kikwit. We had the privilege of visiting the Presbyterian Mission at Mutoto and seeing some of their splendid work. The plane trip was interesting as we flew over the forest belt, over plains and rivers and little African villages. We watched a storm approach and descend with torrents of rain. Mr. Jantz drove us to Vanga the following day. Then on to Moanza and home, and thus ends my Odyssey.

RUTH DICKEY

STATION NEWS

THE MOANZA DIARY

January brought terrific heat with a short dry season. Nights we could see the grass fires in the distance making a beautiful display of fireworks. Mr. Brown spent much of the month in the district, taking a message of hope and courage to little far away villages. Mrs. Brown and I spent a few days in near-by villages.

February brought many good things. Refreshing rains after weeks of exhausting heat. One beautiful Sunday morning we were thrilled to welcome Mr. and Mrs. MacDiarmid. Their time with us went all too quicky but each of us was enriched spiritually by their visit. A few days later

we were happy to welcome our new nurse, Esther Ehnbom. We hope that she will be happy in this needy field where there are so many sick people. We certainly appreciate Banza Manteke's willingness to share Esther with us. Mr. Atkins had been working overtime to finish the new house, so that Esther was able to move into her new apartment. A few weeks later I was able to move in and how I wish you all could visit us in our little palace. It is beautiful. After living in a mud house, fighting rats and roaches for so many years this seems like pure luxury to me. Every spare moment has been spent in planting flowers and shrubs and trees.

March brought joy and sorrow. The Atkins who have endeared themselves to us all during these years at Moanza began packing for their homeward journey. They have had an exceedingly difficult but fruitful term of service and we wish for them just the happiest furlough—but we shall miss them. They left us March 12th. We are constantly reminded of them as we look about this beautiful station. Dr. Witt arrived March 25th and although her time with us was short she performed nineteen operations and brought relief to many suffering people. She is soon leaving for a much-needed rest. We also enjoyed visits from a veterinary surgeon and an ex-priest agriculturist during March.

April saw Mr. Brown on his way to the southern extremity of our field where he is trying to inspire and encourage teachers and Christians. We are happy to welcome the Browns to Moanza. The week preceding Easter we held twilight services each evening. The setting sun cast its glow over our little brick chapel and the Christ seemed very near. Those services culminated in a glorious sunrise service held on the mountain Easter morn. In such a peaceful corner of the earth our hearts went out especially to those who suffer in this war-torn world. Only the Risen Christ can bring peace out of chaos.

In between the lines of our diary we read encouragement and discouragement. Every one of the days have been filled, filled with such varied tasks. In our beautiful

new hospital the sick are being healed. Each Saturday large crowds of mothers gather with their precious little babies for baby clinic. They always receive a message from the Bible before they leave. In the Boarding School 100 boys and 48 girls meet in the class-rooms each day to be taught. I with my native monitors am trying to raise our low standard, trying to mould the ideals of these fine young people and lead them to consecrate their lives to our Lord. We also have a group of married students whose wives attend the girls' school each afternoon.

That day beside the Sea, Jesus did not promise His disciples that all of the seed would take root, but He did say, "Others fell into good ground and brought forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold." We do not always see the fruit but we must be faithful in sowing the seed.

RUTH DICKEY

SONA BATA NEWS ITEMS

On account of the Medical School there is a larger medical staff at Sona Bata than at any of our other stations. This larger staff attracts a good many white patients as well as throngs of natives.

As Dr. Witt was leaving Vanga for furlough Mrs. Robbins brought Priscilla down to be under the doctors' care here. If a cheerful disposition is half the battle in the fight against disease then Priscilla must be on the road to recovery.

Mrs. Russell and Miss Broom of the B.M.S. have spent some weeks at Sona Bata under the care of doctors and nurses. Mrs. Russell was able to return to Wathen some time ago and Miss Broom seems well on the road to recovery of health.

Miss Miller of the U.T.M. has been amongst the number of missionary patients here, but as she has spent seven years in Congo without furlough the doctors were of the opinion that she should go to America before receiving necessary medical attention.

Amongst those making brief visits to the station were our missionaries going on furlough — Mr. and Mrs. Atkins from Moanza; Dr. Witt, Miss Shepard and Miss Jorgenson of Vanga. As passages to America are seldom available from Matadi and fairly difficult to obtain from South Africa they all decided to go to Cape Town to await the first opportunity of getting away, which we hope will not be later than June. Now that Germany considers United States to be one of her worst enemies we may perhaps expect travel to and from the States to be even more perilous than in the past months.

The MacDiarmids have been away from the station a considerable portion of the time since January. In February and early March they spent five weeks visiting the three Kwango stations and the farthest outposts in the Sona Bata field. Then after a week or so at home they went to Leopoldville to help with the oversight of the work Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter are doing in the bookshop and the Imprimerie while the Carpenters went on a trip of nearly six weeks to C.B.M. and D.C.C.M. stations in the Province of Coquilhatville in the interests of education in Congo.

The meeting of pastors and teachers held at Sona Bata April 23-29 had probably the largest attendance of these workers of any meeting held in recent years. The teachers report the presence of strange prophetic movements that have drawn a good many away from their church services and obligations. The unrest because of the economic changes brought about by the war, and the strange rumours coming from centers of population like Kinshasa breed false prophets and cults. If it were not that the State clamps down where they have good evidence that these cults are having disruptive influences, conditions might become much worse than they are. Taken in the large, however, there is much to encourage us in the reports that the teachers have brought us.

MRS. P.A. MACDIARMID

KIMPESE NOTES

We have been a happy family here all year without serious illness, fortunate in having Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds with us and carrying their full share of the work, until they left April seventh for a long-deferred furlough after six years of fruitful service here. They arrived in England after an uneventful voyage and had found Mary well and happy when they cabled us May fifteenth. Upon their departure we all added a bit to our already full schedules so carried what they had been doing until the end of the school year. Examinations are over. Only the marking of sheaves of papers remain together with the serious business of deciding which students have qualified to receive diplomas and which must bear the disappointment of receiving certificates of attendance only, a matter which is never lighty dealt with by the staff.

We are graduating three classes next week (end of May): a senior pastors', a pastors', and normal class. In all there are some men of real ability, some poor, and too many mediocre. The senior pastors' course was inaugurated two years ago when seven men were entered. All were mature experienced Christians with excellent work records and left good positions with good salaries to come here for two years where they have received a bare living allowance. I believe all think it has been well worth their while to have done so. Two are E.P.I. graduates, one a normal man and one a pastor. The E.P.I. normal standard of graduation was set as entrance standard. They are all S.M.F. men but one, a B.M.S. man. Five are first class, one fairly good, and one mediocre. They need another year here. The course should be increased to three years soon and eventually to four, and only high grade intelligent men believed to be ready to devote their lives to the Christian ministry should be accepted. We have invited quite a number of our former graduates to return for this course next September. Five B.M.S. men have responded favorably and are being released from places of responsibility so that they may profit by two years' fur-

their training for Christian leadership. A class of five is too small to be profitable so unless there are other applicants there will be no senior pastors' courses conducted next year. It is a pity with so good a beginning made and the need for adequately trained pastors so great in all our fields.

It has been a source af great satisfaction to me personally to have been assigned two years of Old Testament work, three classes a week, with this group. To instruct men eager to know their Bible, able to assimilate what is given them and eager for more is indeed a joy. The first year was largely spent in giving them a bird's eye view of the Old Testament times and the revelation of God's ways with the Israelites, also some knowledge of the nations with whose fortunes the Israelites's fortunes were so inextricably interwoven. The second year we have spent in the prophetic literature, the major portion of it with Isaiah and Jeremiah, not neglecting the other prophets entirely however. Let me give you a few excerpts from papers they have just turned in answering the question, "What have you each yourself gained through our study of the prophets?"

One writes, "I had always thought of the prophets as being quite different from men in general, that they did not sin and were like the angels in heaven and that they were feared by all for their ability to foretell the future and to work miracles. Now I see that they did not always want to be prophets and sometimes wanted to run away from their work just as we do, but the knowledge of God burned like fire in the hearts of some of them and made them speak for God because they knew that they ought to speak and not keep still. The people did not honor them always nor fear them either. They were often discouraged because the people would not heed their warnings nor believe what they said. It was very difficult to be a prophet of Israel. Only those who knew that God had chosen them could endure the hardship of being God's prophet."

Another writes, "In our study I have learned how the knowledge of the true God has grown among men through

thousands of years. How God has chosen out men one by one to speak and work for this end. I have seen how patiently and persistently God has worked from the beginning to prepare men for the sending of his Son Jesus into the world to save sinners. I never understood why Jesus had to suffer and die as I do now after studying the life of Jeremiah."

Another, "For a long time I have wanted to understand the prophetic books but had no teaching about them. I knew that Jesus and Paul often quoted from these books so knew they were important. Now much that was dark is light, much that was difficult I now begin to understand. The study of the Old Testament has helped me to understand the New Testament. But when I think of the patience and endurance, the persecution and disappointment and discouragement the prophets endured I ask myself if I could endure as they did? If I would have the courage to rebuke my chief, friends, my neighbours for their sins as they did."

Another writes, "As I look back over the year I am surrounded by the company of the prophets who call to me to be faithful as they were faithful. Many questions unanswered for years have been answered in this class and I have been glad to get the answers. But many new questions have arisen in my heart. Here are a few of them. Am I fit to be God's mouth-piece? Can I know God's love as Hosea did? Can I be as bold as John the Baptist was? Will I have the courage to condemn evil in the church and outside the church? Why did God send me to Kimpese? What will the church get out of my being here for two years? The burden is heavy. I am weak and ignorant and full of fear. Will I be able to go from town to town telling the people what I have learned about God here at Kimpese and endure it if they do not listen or believe my message? I see Jesus standing before me with a plate of bread in his hand saying, 'Share this bread with the hungry. It is not for you alone' I want to obey".

Another writes, "I have learned very much that I did not

know about God and how he loves and cares for all peoples; how he hates and punishes sin; how he wants to forgive the sinner who will turn from his evil ways and be holy as God is holy. I have learned how God kept calling men to tell their own people about his pity and love for them, about his righteousness and hatred of sin, and know that he is still calling out such men one by one to teach our people these things which they do not know about God. They need to know them and I want to teach them what I have learned of God and his ways with men."

These and other replies to my question I have plucked from their papers to take home with me, a fragrant bouquet of rare flowers, maybe everlastings. They make me feel that something vital has been sown in good soil which may spring up and bear fruit unto life everlasting. More than once we have been conscious of God's spirit brooding over our class as we sought to know the meaning of prophetic Scriptures for us in our day and generation.

A prophet is not without honor save in his own country. Upper River stations and the far-distant M.E.C.M. are sending us very able men in increasing number for further training while the able and intelligent young men graduating from our station Boarding Schools seldom come to us. This year we have accepted only six A.B.F.M.S. men, all from Sona Bata.

C. L. MABIE

HERE AND THERE

Born—To Dr. and Mrs. A.J.B. Russell, Tondo, a daughter, Elizabeth Lucy.

* * * *

Mr. P.A. MacDiarmid, whose work as Mission Secretary was supposed to be almost a full-time job, is carrying practically the whole of the evangelistic work of the great Sona-Bata field, yet such was the pressure of needs elsewhere that he spent six weeks touring the Kwango region and then a month at Leo. Truly, the laborers are few.

* * * *

Secretary Dana M. Albaugh has suffered an extraordinary piece of ill luck. He was on his way to visit the Congo Mission for the first time since he took office some months ago, and wanted to be with us at this very time. But he travelled on the ill-fated Zam Zam. We waited anxiously for many weeks after his boat was due at Cape Town and then were struck with the horrifying news that the Zam Zam had been sunk. This announcement was later confirmed but mitigated by the statement that all passengers were safe at St. Jean de Luz in France and that the Americans among them, at any rate, were freed from custody. We have no means of knowing Mr. Albaugh's plans, but hardly dare to hope that he will complete his journey and achieve his visit to Congo. Our hearts go out to Mrs. Albaugh and the children during these very trying days, and we pray that God will guide and protect Mr. Albaugh in all his difficulties and dangers according to His own will and infinite grace.

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The Diesel motor for the lighting Plant at Kimpese was ordered in Februry 1940 and has just arrived. Because of drought the water-wheel has become entirely inadequate and students had lights for evening study only in March and April. The motor is intended for use only as an auxiliary, when the water supply fails.

* * * *

Soccer.

Banza Manteka - 3. Kimpese - 0.

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CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY

Listed in order of arrival on field or at station — present term.

BANZA MANTEKE

Rev. and Mrs. J.E. Geil
Miss Mary Bonar
Miss Lena Youngsman

MOANZA

Rev. and Mrs. L.A. Brown
Miss Ruth Dickey
Miss Esther Ehnbom

TONDO

Rev. and Mrs. H.D. Brown
Dr. and Mrs. A.J.B. Russell (B.M.S.)
Miss M.K.M. Chaplin (B.M.S.)

LEOPOLDVILLE

Rev. and Mrs. G.W. Carpenter (with special work)
Rev. and Mrs. S. Baiotti (U.T.M.)

KIKONGO

Rev. and Mrs. C.E. Smith
Miss Agnes Anderson
Miss Grace Cooper

VANGA

Rev. and Mrs. W.F. Robbins
Dr. and Mrs. A.C. Osterholm

KIMPESE

Dr. C.L. Mabie
Rev. and Mrs. U.A. Lanoue

SONA BATA

Rev. and Mrs. H. Erickson
Dr. and Mrs. G.W. Tuttle
Miss Mildred Tice
Rev. and Mrs. P.A. MacDiarmid
Miss Emily Satterberg
Miss Vendla Anderson

ON FURLOUGH

Rev. and Mrs. T.E. Bubeck
Mr. and Mrs. H.J. Watkins
Rev. and Mrs. B.W. Armstrong
Rev. and Mrs. E.G. Hall
Dr. Dorothea Witt
Rev. and Mrs. M.S. Engwall
Dr. and Mrs. H.M. Freas
Miss Marguerite Eldredge
Rev. and Mrs. Ernest Atkins
Miss Eva Shepard
Miss Alice Jorgenson